new masses

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Report from Paris:

WILL DE GAULLE WIN POWER?

by Claude Morgan

Arson over America:

HOW TO STOP THE FIRE

by Joseph North

Sweet Mystery of LIFE:

HATCHET-MAN IN FULL DRESS

by Charles Humboldt

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just a minute

SOME time ago this department entered an apology to history for our share in the collective guilt of our old Grade 8A class which selected John Masefield as Class Poet. The occasion was the publication of his ode to the departure of the Royal Family for a visit to South Africa. We added a couple of

extra *mea culpa's* recently when we read the English Poet Laureate's special poem, "On the Coming Marriage of Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth." In case you missed it we give you herewith a generous sample, the first, third and final stanzas:

What is the crown, but something set above
The jangle and the jargon and the hate
Of strivers after power in the state,
A symbol like a banner, for men's love.

To those dear lands still calling Britain "home"
The crown is still the link with Britain's past,
The consecrated thing that must outlast
Folly and hate and other human foam.

To pray that she, our future Queen, may hear
Through many happy years, the bells rejoice,
Telling of people glad, a sovereign dear,
A land restored, a purpose again clear
With wind-delighting clamor of glad voice.

When Contributing Editor Sender Garlin read the verses in the press he was reminded —maybe by the phrase "The consecrated thing . . ."—of a poem entitled "A Consecration" written by Masefield more than thirty years ago. That poem was published as the first item in the famous *The Cry for Justice: An Anthology of Literature of Social Protest*, edited by Upton Sinclair. Here are the first, second and final two stanzas of that work:

Not of the princes and prelates with peri-wigged charioteers
Riding triumphantly laurelled to lap the fat of the years,
Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed in with the spears;
The men of the tattered battalion which fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din and the cries,
The men with the broken heads and the blood running into their eyes.

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth;—
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth

Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold—

Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tale be told.

Amen.

THERE are times when we wish we were a ship-board reporter—they meet such interesting people. People like Robert M. Fowler, president of the Newsprint Association of Canada, who recently returned on the *Mary* and confided to the reporters that, "We have a vital interest in keeping the people informed." And people like his fellow-traveler, Sax Rohmer, the British mystery writer. The creator of the notorious Dr. Fu Manchu also had an important announcement to make to the welcoming scribes. It seems that his Chinese Al Capone is emerging from "retirement" to assume a more "benevolent" role—as an opponent of communism. We never thought it possible but we can see now that there is still hope for Fagin and Simon Legree.

L. L. B.

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WIND from the WEST

It flutters the sinister banner of de Gaulle, but the guardians of France's future are firmly rooted.

By CLAUDE MORGAN

Paris.

A WIND from the west has blown our way the most violent anti-Communist campaign seen in France since 1939. All of the tenors in the reactionary camp took part in the concert: Francois Mauriac and General de Gaulle, Andre Malraux and Jean Piot, ex-friend of the collaborator Marcel Deat at the newspaper *L'Oeuvre* during the Nazi occupation. They repeated in unison the slanders which the Germans had previously flung at the Communists. Some time ago Louis Aragon told the story of the death of the first French hostages who fell before a firing-squad at Chateaubriant on Oct. 22, 1941. One of the corpses was too large to fit into the coffin. It was the body of the young seventeen-year-old Communist, Guy Moquet. A German smashed at the corpse with iron bars to get it inside. When the municipal gravedigger protested, the German answered him in these simple words: "Communist, not Frenchman."

Today there are men who repeat these infamous words: General de Gaulle and his propaganda agents. They have deliberately forgotten the tremendous sacrifices made by the French Communists to free their country. They are trying by every means, including the vilest, to liquidate the spirit of the Resistance in order to split the nation and seize power.

That was why the municipal election campaign was so lively and so fiercely fought. It was marked by the betrayal of the leaders of the French Socialist Party, who trained their guns not on the reactionaries but on the party of the working class, the Communist Party. The subway strike in Paris was launched by an independent union formed under the auspices of Socialist Jules Moch, Minister of Transport and friend of Premier Ramadier, in order to make it appear that it was a Communist maneuver to intimidate the government. The Socialist newspaper, *Le Populaire*, equalled the worst papers of the reactionaries in the violence of its anti-Communist campaign.

And when all is said and done, what happened? General de Gaulle and his brain-truster, Malraux, had proclaimed that they were going to crush the Communist Party. But the latter has maintained its positions intact with thirty percent of the votes nationally. In reality, what they crushed was the MRP (the Popular Republican Movement), the party of Georges Bidault. That's not quite the same thing. It is true that when it came to naming mayors after the elections, close cooperation between the de Gaullists and the Socialists succeeded in eliminating a good many Communist mayors. But this coalition, so shameful on the part of the Socialists, does not in any way change the party percentages, which no amount of statistical juggling can conceal. The Communist Party has kept its strength and confidence.

TO BE sure, de Gaulle's Reunion of the French People (RPF) has had a big success; and for the first time in postwar France reaction has found its leader. But this movement bears within itself germs of weakness. In it are to be found the worst Vichyites, those who hailed Petain and who, with Charles Maurras, sought to smash the Republic (*"abattre la gueuse"*); and side by side with these exploiters and enemies of the people are a good many sincere but politically backward people who are either impressed by the anti-Communist campaign or dissatisfied with the food rations and rising prices. Voting for de Gaulle, they naively thought they were voting for order, while on the contrary they run the risk of helping usher in the worst disorder.

The General's sweeping statement on the day after elections has already disillusioned more than one of them. By demanding a revision of the freely-voted constitution, dissolution of the National Assembly and reelection of another Assembly by means of a new electoral law expressly designed to facilitate his seizure of power, General de Gaulle has appeared in his true light—a man with dictatorial ambitions. And many Frenchmen, reading the text of his insolent statement, recalled Hitler's pronouncements prior to his advent to power.

Except for the *mystique* of racism and Pan-Germanism, the language is the same: that of all would-be dictators. Already the de Gaullist papers are attacking trade-union unity. That is the power they intend to smash. And they are ready to use every means to do so.

BUT they are biting off more than they can chew. If the Social-Democratic petty bourgeoisie in France is playing its traditional role, if the two sections of the conservative big bourgeoisie, now reconciled, are launching an offensive against democracy spearheaded by General de Gaulle, the only force remaining intact is the working class. That is the great progressive force which embodies the spirit of our country.

It is very amusing to watch the rivalries between the partisans of de Gaulle, open fascists and the shamefaced fascists who prefer the sugary and hypocritical manners of Ramadier. Speaking on the radio, Jean-Paul Sartre attacked General de Gaulle, criticizing him in effect for not sufficiently keeping up the appearances of freedom. Then in his broadcast the following week Sartre attacked the Communists. That is exactly Ramadier's position,

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and he had Sartre talk over the air to defend that position. These gentlemen claim that they are creating what they call "the third force" between the two blocs. But this alleged third force represents nothing. One does not have to be over-intelligent to understand that there is only one way to check reviving fascism: by uniting *all* the democratic forces.

The parliament has not understood this. That is why the Communist Party is taking the debate straight to the masses. The country's welfare depends on the energy of the working class, on its unity, its faith in the future. And since I believe in this energy, this unity, this faith, I am convinced that de Gaulle will never come into power. Neither he nor his fanatical lieutenants: Jacques Soustelle, formerly head of his secret police and candidate for a similar post in the future, and Andre Malraux, who has forsaken the worthy profession of writing for the lowest kind of adventures. All these people will undoubtedly intensify their agitation, stepping up their demonstrations and provocations. But the Assembly will not commit suicide. In the final analysis, the Socialists will not dare to do so. And besides, they want to hold on to their seats! So everything now depends on the vigilance of the working class, which alone is defending the independence of our country threatened by the Marshall Plan. And de Gaulle and Ramadier are both advocates of the Marshall Plan for the same anti-Communist reasons.

No, this is not the moment to despair of France!

IN THE field of literature and art, two events have stirred Parisians. First, there was the opening at the *Maison de la Pensee* of the book sale of the National Committee of Writers. Despite the subway strike great crowds attended, proving that the National Committee of Writers, which had been violently attacked because it refused to pardon the traitors of yesterday, is more alive than ever. People thronged to buy the books of Louis Aragon, Paul Eluard, Elsa Triolet, Jean Cassou, Francis Carco, Claude Aveline, Armand Salacrou, Louis Martin-Chauffier, and many, many other progressive writers.

The second event was the Chagall exhibition of paintings on his return from the United States. Many of us have a tender spot for Chagall, who fuses the world of reality with the world of dreams and whose intense colors vibrate like piercing sounds.

AMERICAN friends, do not think because we fight against the imperialism of certain Americans and against the grip they are trying to get on us, that we ever lump you with our enemies. We are fighting the same fight as yourselves, the same fight so many other peoples are waging. It is man's old struggle for freedom.

Paris continues to live, despite all kinds of provocations, despite police brutality. Recently, to protect an anti-democratic meeting, the police did not hesitate to manhandle workers who were demonstrating.

Everywhere, in the shops, committees of democratic defense are being set up in response to the appeal of the CGT (General Confederation of Labor). The role of progressive intellectuals, the mission of their newspapers and magazines is to work unremittingly to gather around the Communist Party all the honest elements in the nation in a movement that will constitute the true reunion of the French people. It is a healthy fever which shows that the organism is reacting against the disease.

Paris is not and never will be crushed by the brute and vicious force of ambitious adventurers.

(*Translated by John Rossi*)

THE FEARFUL

by Don Gordon

The ant in the jungle carries a multiple weight; thick in his armies
He fells trees. He runs from the flashy tiger, nor sees the tusks
Are set in aged gums. He will walk with sunlight through white doors of bone.

Birds are small as ants in relation to the sky;
A mile of birds is stronger than a hawk;
Each quivers alone as the black killer aims at his heart.

The unarmored fish travel in vast schools darker than the dread shark;
The countless teeth could nibble the enemy blind and gut him.
His shadow defeats them, each vulnerable body hides in the weeds.

The ant, the bird, the fish, are lost in the separate dusk.
The higher the species the greater the fear; the flower
Of the whole spiral, consciousness, trembles without tigers or hawks.

Now in the final primitive years they use terror before they fire guns.
Terror is cheaper than iron: it paralyzes ants or men.
They divide the birds
they scatter the fish
they displace persons
they forbid thoughts.

The most fearful use fear the most:
the shark thrashes wildly as he drowns
the loudest roar is from the aging tiger
the wings beat terribly once as the hawk collapses.

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"Progress of a System," a woodcut by the Mexican artist F. Amantes. Courtesy of Taller Grafica Popular, Mexico City.

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HOW TO STOP THE FIRE

A discussion of the key issues on which there must be clarity to defeat the Un-Americans.

By JOSEPH NORTH

THE Londoner from the *Daily Mail* commented dourly that the monkey trial in Tennessee was before his time and he had never quite understood it, but that now he understood it. This Hollywood inquisition is a political monkey trial, he said, and all Britons, not excluding Colonel Blimp, will so assess it. And to think it was happening in the mighty United States, anno Domini 1947! He scooped up his notes and left for a hurried Scotch and soda, which he said he needed badly after the secret witness, the ex-FBI agent who had already been on the stand eleven times, had spun his gossamer tale of atomic espionage which had all the smash of a personalia column in a backwoods Maine weekly.

Brother, I wanted to say, you don't know the half of it. I wonder if he was on the Congressional Limited that passed through the City of Brotherly Love seventy-two hours after J. Parnell had folded up the hearing and things happened on Independence Square. I was, and by the time I reached Seventh Avenue the headlines told me what I had expected. You cannot call words back once you let them loose, Carl Sandburg has written, and some of J. Parnell's flew like arrows toward the bull's-eye. I am not one of those who regard the Grand Inquisitor and his colleagues as high-grade morons, for I remember the warnings of the German refugees here a decade back when they wrote books saying Hitler is no fool. These American inquisitors may not have the IQ of Albert Einstein, but they know who they're working for. They've been handed the plan and blueprint and what happened in Philly, Trenton and Newark within hours after the Hollywood inquisition are lines and circles on that blueprint. "You can have free speech," roared the street fascist, seventy-five yards from the crack in the Liberty Bell, "but not here." And the bricks flew past the head of octogenarian Francis Fisher Kane, who had lived his lifetime by a solid belief in the First Amendment; they howled him down as he pointed toward Independence Hall. Nobody has ever accused Kane of being a Communist, but bricks don't ask questions. The meeting was PCA, but it's all one to the street fascist as it is to Thomas. In Newark they wouldn't rent a hall to the American Veterans Committee, or let Frank Kingdon talk for the Civil Rights Congress; Johannes Steel is anathema. And that's what Eugene Dennis has said since they began to work out on him. Now the Christian Fronters and the NAM brass who mulct the American Legion feel they have a green light and they're jerking on their hobnail boots.

They may or may not have read the shocked editorials in much of the press and the words of Justice Douglas may or may not have reached their ears, but they feel heartened. What they lack in numbers is compensated, they feel, by the thinking in top echelons. After all, J. Parnell is no ghost jibbering in a banquet hall: his deeds accord with the administration's approaches on all major issues. It requires the eagle eye to discern the essential differences between J. Parnell's doings and those of the loyalty probers. The same business goes on behind closed doors in the marble buildings and men sense the soft tread of gumshoe behind them, trailing them for reasons nobody will put down in black and white.

When Roosevelt lived the Dies Committee was regarded as a Devil's Island of political iniquity and the administration scorned it. Now the Un-Americans merely put some garish fanfare on the deeds that Truman and Marshall accomplish daily in more courtly fashion.

TODAY, two weeks after the Hollywood hearings have closed, it might be well to assess what happened, estimate the consequences and reach conclusions concerning next steps. No doubt the inquisitors attained a new

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high in their express contempt for the Constitution. More Americans woke to realize that if they can do this today to Messrs. Warner, McNutt and Johnston they can do it tomorrow to Messrs. McMillan, Simon and Schuster. And then, why not a bold frontal assault on the presidents of Harvard, Yale and Princeton? All that is a worrisome thing to many who had no particular objection if this business were confined to the Communists, or even, say, to the CIO. But Lord, man, there are limits! On this spot you will find those who reject the committee's procedures, but who condone the substantial issues.

But millions have come to realize the business is rotten at core, to sense, as did the Chicago *Times* (no oriflamme of liberalism itself), that "the real object of Chairman Thomas and the reactionary Republican majority of the House Un-American Activities Committee is not primarily to uncover subversive influence in Hollywood. It is to smear New Dealers and whatever their progressive successors may be called."

I feel two things happened simultaneously; one, the inquisitors came to the hearing with cans of oil to pour on the fires blazing through the country. Their purpose was to heighten the "near-hysteria" the President's civil rights report spoke about (though it simultaneously added to it by its Communazi libels). In a measure, J. Parnell succeeded. Witness Independence Square, Newark, Trenton. Second: In doing this they awakened the trepidation of many key persons in the country, men and women of various classes who, for varying reasons, oppose the inquisition. Some gag at the procedure; more, I believe, at the substance.

For this latter, America owes a debt of lasting gratitude to "The Nineteen." Men of spiritual health respect courage and these nineteen from Hollywood wrote their Crisis papers on a drumhead under the cold eye of the Inquisitor. There may not have been blood on the snow as at Valley Forge, but you could trace heartsblood in every sentence they wrote. And that got across to many more than ever before.

Their arguments are irrefutable to all whose brains have not dried up with fear. The Constitution, they contended, remains the supreme law of the land, unequivocally guaranteeing freedom of thought, speech, press and association. Their counsel moved to quash the subpoenas on the ground that the committee is without power to censor the thinking and expression of the American people, that it is entirely an "unconstitutional creation without right to issue these subpoenas or to compel testimony by anyone and, indeed, to conduct any hearing of inquiry whatever."

Many have already arrived at that conclusion. It is significant that once again CIO President Philip Murray urged responsible leaders of Congress

HOWARD FAST

November 29, 1945

Dear Adolphe Menjou:

NEW MASSES is planning its second annual cultural awards dinner to honor the American Negro.

The dinner will be given at the Hotel Commodore on Jan. 14, 1946. At this time, awards will be given for the greatest contributions made to promote democracy and interracial unity. When the Editors of the Magazine asked me to serve as chairman of the sponsoring committee for this event, I was therefore only too happy to consent. That is why I am writing to you now, asking you to join me as a sponsor for this affair. Your acceptance will in no way make any demands on your time or energy, and we know that your name will add weight and distinction to the evening.

Among those who have already consented to personally attend the dinner to accept awards are Canada Lee, Dean Dixon, Pearl Primus, Arnaud D'Usseau, James Gow, Alain Locke, Dr. W. E. Du Bois and Ferdinand Smith. Other candidates elected to receive the award are Paul Robeson, Frank Sinatra, Duke Ellington, Malcolm Ross, Sterling Brown, Joe Louis, Hilda Simms, Jacob Lawrence, Carlton Ross, Dr. Charles Drew, Dr. Mary Bethune, and a Negro G. I.

May we hear from you soon? Please address your answer to me in care of Box 115, Station D. N. Y. 3, N. Y.

Cordially yours,

Howard Fast

HOWARD FAST

P. S. To save you time, I would appreciate your signing this letter and returning it to me.

Adolphe Menjou

At one notable point in the Hollywood hearings Un-American Committeeman Nixon (R., Cal.) asked star-witness Adolphe Menjou what tests he applies to determine whether people are Communists. Menjou replied, "Well, I would consider attendance at a meeting where Paul Robeson is appearing, applauding him, listening to his Communist songs would be a good one. I'd be ashamed to be seen in such an audience." But how would Adolphe answer J. Parnell Thomas' $64 question: "Are you or were you ever a Communist?" According to the evidence reproduced above he was—by his own unique test—a Communist two years ago when he accepted Howard Fast's invitation to sponsor a NEW MASSES dinner honoring, among others, Paul Robeson.

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to end the life of the committee and "prevent the heaping of any further infamy upon the name of the US Congress." He said: "Politically we have understood its operations to represent the same kind of thought control which characterized the police states of the nations who were our enemies during the recent war."

More: as the hearings reached Walpurgian heights, a conference of top significance deliberated in New York, summoned by the Arts, Science and Professional division of the PCA. More than two thousand delegates from seventeen states, many of them eminent men and women in their fields, demanded the abolition of the committee on the basis of the Sabath resolution.

The hearings had scarcely ended when Prof. J. Colston Warne, an adviser to the President's Economic Board, challenged the legality of the loyalty order. It marked a precedent; this was the first time any man of national prominence in governmental circles had said "No," and his observations sank deep into the harried consciousness of thousands in governmental employ. I happened to attend the press conference the professor held in the Willard Hotel and I observed his quiet but flinty demeanor. He excoriated the idea that the President, or his Attorney General, or the FBI, or J. Parnell have the last word on the concept of loyalty. Quoting Prof. Commager's celebrated article in the September *Harper's*, he described the "new" loyalty: "It is the uncritical and unquestioning acceptance of America as it is—the political institutions, the social relationships, the economic practices. It rejects any inquiry into the race question, or socialized medicine, or public housing, or into the wisdom or validity of our foreign policy. It abandons evolution, repudiates the once popular concept of progress and regards America as a finished product, perfect and complete." Dr. Warne characterized the loyalty probe as a lawless procedure to eliminate Communists and liberals of all degrees whereas racists and pro-fascists enjoy a cozy immunity and are, in fact, encouraged by the highest echelons.

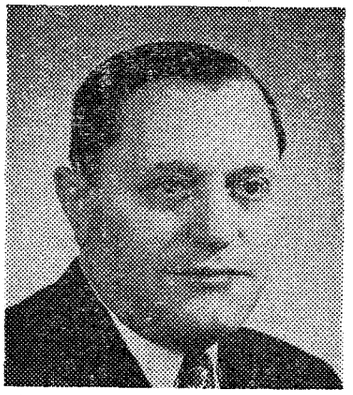
ADD up all these developments and the total is impressive. We see maturing a significant phase of a progressive political coalition passing into the frontlines of the battle for freedom. Consider. In the past two weeks we witnessed the hardy stand of the Nineteen. We saw the stirring hegira by air to the capital of the Hollywood Committee for the First Amendment and millions listened to their nationwide broadcasts that cracked the business open on a grand scale. We saw the anti-thought-control conference of the PCA professionals. We heard the first ringing refusal by a prominent official to kowtow to the unconstitutional "loyalty" inquisition. These dissents are more than straws in the wind, even though they have not assumed the scope of a massed, unified countermovement. They have pioneered for such a movement. If this heartening development helps arouse similar actions within organized labor, which is fundamental in all this, the bell could begin tolling for the Un-Americans. Labor has yet to muster its giant strength for the most intimate collaboration with all who agree on that broadest of issues, the First Amendment. Mr. Murray's words constitute a fine lead: now the issue must be carried to grassroots. Once that's realized, a turn for the better is within sight.

To achieve that, however, requires fuller clarification of certain key issues:

To my mind the agenda is headed by the need to cope with the carefully disseminated propaganda that our nation has nothing to fear from fascism, and that communism is the "main danger." Having libeled the Communists as "foreign agents," utterly misrepresented their objectives and their current policies, the Un-Americans clamor that America is imperiled by that party. All too many liberals have nibbled at that bait, men and women who yesterday rejected the "Communazi" line which could have lost us a war. They saw it then as a treasonous device spawned in the offices of William Randolph Hearst and those for whom he fronts. In wartime they recognized it as perilous to our national interest: is it too much to ask that they recognize its peril in peacetime?

A reasoning man must come to contrary conclusions, whether or not he understands the goals of communism; for, as Philip Murray said some months ago, the real threat to America springs from the profit-greedy corporations currently hastening our country toward the abyss of economic catastrophe.

My purpose herein is not to discuss the objectives of communism: I want merely to make one simple point. Recent history has abundantly demonstrated that the Communist is the unflagging opponent of fascism. Those mindful of the threat from the Right should realize that Communists are their staunchest allies. If unclarity persists, they should go to primary sources, to the record—and they will learn that Communists do not advance their ultimate socialist solutions as the issue of this time. In brief, many must re-



PETER V. CACCHIONE

All over the world millions are paying homage to the memory of Peter V. Cacchione, who was struck down in his prime by a heart ailment induced by his indefatigable labors for the people from whom he sprung. This humble son of Italian immigrants won, in his short span of life, a place in the hearts of the millions, particularly those poor who voted him into New York's City Council thrice, despite the most violent efforts of his opponents to unseat him. Born in Syracuse, N. Y., he came to the Communist Party during the Hunger Marches. Veterans of all parties who struggled for the bonus in the early Thirties will remember Pete as a man who braved hell and high water on their behalf. Tireless worker that he was, his interest in everything progressive never flagged: New York's NM readers will remember his stirring appeal for their magazine at the "Save New Masses" emergency meeting last April. That was his life: if anything was progressive he was for it, in it, giving everything he had. And so he died, to live perpetually in the grateful memories of the people.

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THOMAS MANN: *"I Testify . . ."*

I HAVE the honor to expose myself as a hostile witness. I testify that I am very much interested in the moving-picture industry and that since my arrival in the United States nine years ago I have seen a great many Hollywood films. If Communist propaganda has been smuggled into any of them, it must have been most thoroughly hidden. I for one never found any.

I testify, moreover, that to my mind the ignorant and superstitious persecution of the believers in the political and economic doctrine which is, after all, the creation of great minds and great thinkers and which has its adherents everywhere on earth—I testify that this persecution is not only degrading for the persecutors themselves, but also very harmful to the cultural reputation of this country.

As an American citizen of German birth, I finally testify that I am painfully familiar with certain political trends, spiritual intolerance, political inquisition and declining legal security; and all this in the name of an alleged "state of emergency." That is how it started in Germany. What followed was fascism, and what followed fascism was war.—THOMAS MANN. *(From "Hollywood Fights Back," a coast-to-coast broadcast on November 2.)*

learn, as we did during the time of our country's greatest peril, during the war, that Communists meritoriously belong in democracy's camp.

I wish to touch briefly on one further point: some of my acquaintances at the press table in Washington posed this question. "Very well, I agree your party is legal and that this committee has no right to pry into political beliefs. But why don't Communists admit they are Communists?" This is an issue on which J. Parnell strove to put the direst possible interpretations, disregarding the fact that it is entirely beside the point the Nineteen were making.

However, aside from this hearing, it is a question that is frequently posed and has, in truth, frequently been answered. The General Secretary of the Communist Party, Eugene Dennis, dealt with it at length in the statement which J. Parnell would not allow him to read. Mr. Dennis proposed that Congress provide guarantees that Communists, members of a party recognized as legal, be spared the whiplash of the blacklist. If there is the concealment of identity in some instances and in certain areas, it arises because of the political ambience in which we live. To many, the profession of their beliefs would mean immediate punishment through deprivation of their livelihood.

As Dennis asked, who could defame the ancient Christians for refusing to divulge their beliefs when that meant immediate consignment to the lions in the Coliseum? Nor, for that matter, dared many a union worker state his membership, until the Wagner Act, if he wished to retain his job. Anybody acquainted with such towns as Aliquippa, Pa., knew that all too well. It would seem this should be easy to understand—as easy, say, as it was to understand that no Communist or other anti-fascist dared reveal his identity to the Gestapo—not if he operated by any canons of survival. The difference here is one of degree, not of kind. Slow death by starvation, by deprivation of livelihood, is a fairly refined torture.

MEANWHILE, J. Parnell continues his conspiracy and blares his propaganda over the airwaves, threatening continuation of his inquisitions. Simultaneously, news is abundantly leaked to the public of a secret Grand Jury in New York promising a super-duper spy scare of genuine Reichstag Fire proportions. All of which points to the careful synchronization of this scare with climactic political developments such as the forthcoming London conference, when, to all indications, our State Department will seek to shatter any vestige of wartime agreements with our Soviet ally in the effort to cram the Marshall Plan down the world's throat. The scare-season is timed for use, too, against those who decry our domestic policies driving toward inflation and economic catastrophe.

Can all this be halted? It can, if the lead given by the Nineteen, and others, is followed by the millions; if the loose, inchoate resentment at the methods of the Un-Americans is crystallized, and a unified front is born. It will not if democrats remain divided, prey to the apprehensions drilled into their heads of a non-existent Communist bogeyman. It will not if those objecting to the Hollywood furore merely call for the streamlining of the inquisitional procedures, instead of demanding the abolition of the committee itself. For our founding fathers did not say "Pry into a man's beliefs softly and judiciously." They said: Congress shall have no right whatsoever to pry into a man's beliefs. None whatsoever.

My own feeling, as I wrote last week, is that the recent Hollywood hearings can mark a turning point, but it will not happen automatically as spring follows winter. This "near-hysteria," as it is called, was carefully planned by the Un-Americans: to dispel it requires at least equal thought and effort by Americans.

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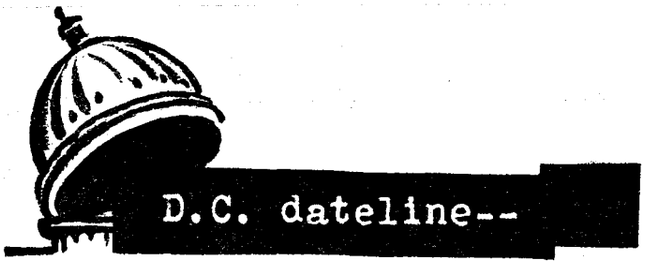

The Golden Curtain

Washington.

THE Washington scene has been distinguished the past week by so many contradictory developments that it is remindful of the White Knight's conduct in mounting his horse and riding off in all directions. A few examples:

Under Secretary of the Treasury Archibald Wiggins told the House Ways and Means Committee that because of the Republican "success" in lopping $1,500,000,000 off the federal budget, Treasury sleuths, the fraud squad and other specialized tax collection agencies have had their effectiveness seriously reduced. In fact, the $1,500,000,000 victory scored by the Republican pruning squad now looks as though it will result in a net loss of $3,500,000,000 in tax revenues, since $5,000,000,000 is involved in the 30,000 cases which the Treasury no longer has the personnel to handle.

Then there's the House Subcommittee on Education and Labor, which has been holding hearings on something erroneously labeled a "tax relief" bill. It's a sure thing that only those with holding company assets, large trusts or incomes large enough to attract tax lawyers would benefit from the "relief" recommended. These were spun out of their own needs and those of their clients by an appointed committee of financiers, taxation specialists and corporate directors headed by Roswell Magill of Wall Street.

But now Rep. Knutson (R., Minn.), sponsor of the bill that would have further relieved corporate fat cats from their onerous tax burdens, has consented to hold the bill over for the regular session. Previously he had scheduled it for the special session which is now to be devoted exclusively to the Marshall strategy for shutting off Western Europe from its neighbors to the East with a golden curtain.

Indeed, if the recommendations of the Harriman Report on the Marshall strategy are followed, there can be little hope for tax reduction even in the regular session. In the words of the report, the Marshall strategy will impose a huge burden on the American people, amounting to nearly $6,000,000,000 in the first year of its operation.

IN THE face of this report, with its repeated warnings that a hurricane of inflation is one of the prime dangers inherent in the Marshall strategy, President Truman's retreat from his previous statements that "something would have to be done about prices" during the special session must also be put down to riding off in a number of directions.

For the Harriman Report makes it clear as daylight that rising prices in the US not only limit the effectiveness of the proposed scheme to rebuild Western Europe as a military base but represent a tendency which, if unchecked, can wreck the entire economy of what's left of the capitalist world.

The Harriman Report deals only with the European aspects of the Marshall strategy, but there are those here in Washington—and in New York—who object to this limitation. They want the golden curtain pulled down along the Great Chinese Wall as well, and more billions added to the six that have already poured in upon the Kuomintang.

In this connection, the suppressed Wedemeyer report on China is coming in for official attention from both houses of Congress. Senator Brewster (R., Me.), who gained national prominence of a sort during the early part of the current Howard Hughes investigation, when his links with Pan American Airways were revealed, has demanded that he be allowed a *dekko* at the report. The Senator defines the situation in China as "at least as important as that in Europe," and criticizes the State Department for refusing to let him see the Wedemeyer document, which was submitted September 18 and is still a secret, like the atom bomb. Senator Brewster is not one to niggle or haggle over such details as the monumental corruption of the Kuomintang, as long as its political complexion—white as a fish's belly—meets with his approval.

After all, the Senator said, perhaps speaking from personal conviction, "Who are we to cast slurs on government corruption? There are a bunch of grafters in our own government."

Why, Senator!

WASHINGTON discussion of the "secret" Wedemeyer report and possible inclusion of China in the Marshall strategy, has been stimulated by other recent developments as well as the Senator's feeling that he without sin should cast the first stone. Dispatches from the populous Chinese colony in Singapore, indicating that the content of the Wedemeyer report is widely known in the Orient, if not in Washington, are one such stimulant. Another is the loose bullet fired in the pages of that picture magazine.

As first cabled by the China Central News Agency, the Singapore story quoted the newspaper *Nan Chiau Jit Pao*, organ of the Chinese Democratic League, which published a summary of the Wedemeyer report said to have been smuggled out of China. Then, four hours later, the CNA story was killed on orders from Nanking. CNA's Shanghai office labeled the League-owned Singapore newspaper "an unreliable source," and attacked the whole story as "Communist-inspired." In China proper the Democratic League has been driven underground, and the professors and small capitalists who provide its leadership imprisoned.

Nevertheless, the Democratic League report as cabled to the US is in close agreement with known State Department thinking. State has already written off Manchuria as "lost" to the Kuomintang.

The cabled summary of the Wedemeyer report defines the zone above the 40th parallel of North latitude (Manchuria) as a "delaying action zone" to be abandoned after two years. The zone from the 40th down to the 35th parallel is labeled the "North China Absolute Defense Area," and is to be held as long as possible, according to the cabled brief. Below the 35th would be the "Central China Absolute Military Area," to be defended at all costs.

Perhaps this cabled dispatch on the Wedemeyer report, and the increasing pressure for release of the report to the American people, account for the high irascibility shown by Secretary of State Marshall in his latest Washington press conference, when asked the date of its release. The Secretary, now intent on his strategy for Europe, which calls for the immediate expenditure of billions of American dollars, and the ultimate expenditure of American lives in a political crusade against communism, hardly wants to be diverted to consideration of the same specter in the Orient.

A. L. J.

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Sweet Mystery of LIFE: III

HATCHET-MAN in FULL DRESS

It is all so noble until the white gloves are peeled off and the steel fist pounds the table.

By CHARLES HUMBOLDT

This is the third and concluding article in this series.

EXECUTIONERS in Saxony formerly used an axe but they wore tails and a top hat. In its Red-baiting *Life*, too, plays the butcher in deacon's Sunday clothes. "It is not a crime to be a Communist," it intones, "but when a Communist is caught in a crime, the thing to do is to try him for the crime even though he is a Communist." (March 3, 1947.) By all means. How fair it all sounds—unless the reader knows that Communists are threatened with years of imprisonment not for murder, assault or even petty larceny, but over legal technicalities that would have hindered their work in the cause of all humanity, the defeat of Hitler Germany. We are supposed to equate the arrest of Howard Fast for the crime of refusing to betray the families of Spanish refugees to Franco with the prosecution of Al Capone for tax evasion.

Soriano.

The fountainhead of sanctity spouts the crudest slanders. Communists are "extraordinarily susceptible to performing or abetting acts of treason." In 1940 "Communist 'tush hogs' (goons) had the right kind of tireless zeal to plan and launch the Ford strike." (March 24, 1947.) (Since no names are used, this cannot be called libel, though it is common knowledge that the only goons in the Ford strike, in which the Communists took an honorable part, were Mr. Ford's professional strikebreakers.) The Communists slyly and "patiently keep meetings going all night until most of the members have left, whereupon they vote through their special projects." The villains are "experts at creating the crusading union atmosphere." It is with such horrifying accusations that *Life* threw its weight behind Walter Reuther in his fratricidal struggle for control of the Ford local of the United Auto Workers last spring. (One word from *Life* and the membership did as it pleased.)

The Thomas-Rankin committee is urged to spot the "Communist element" in the PCA and to see that Communists are fired from government positions. *Life* offers itself as a go-between to bring the committee in touch with "liberals and even anti-C.P. Socialists who are among the keenest bird-dogs in a legitimate Red-hunt." How gratifying it must be to liberals or Socialists, like Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., William Henry Chamberlin and Victor Riesel, to be petted for their sniffing and baying by the masters of the chase.

Lastly, in a generous burst of hypocrisy, *Life* shows that "our own conscience has so far prevented the purge of Communists in the government from turning into a witch-hunt." So far? The hounding of anti-fascist heroes is no witch-hunt; the refusal of rightful citizenship and the threatened deportation of a war veteran, John Santo, because he is a labor leader, is no witch-hunt; the hue and cry after a world renowned composer and refugee from Hitler Germany is

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no witch-hunt; the mass-production third degree of the loyalty quiz is no witch-hunt; the informer's parade of finks, stool-pigeons, thieves, bigamists, arsonists, perjurors and psychopaths before Generals Rankin and Thomas is no witch-hunt. God forbid; "our conscience" stands between such honest dealings and a witch-hunt. "We" want only to preserve law and order, religion and private property.

Leaving words aside for a moment in favor of realities, we must warn those readers of *Life* who approve its sentiments on the subject of Red-baiting that they may rue their applause. They are not exempt from the hounding. Karl Marx put it this way:

"Every demand of the simplest bourgeois financial reform, of the most ordinary liberalism, of the most formal republicanism, of the most insipid democracy, is simultaneously castigated as an 'attempt on society' and stigmatized as 'socialism.' And, finally, the high priests of 'religion and order' themselves are driven with kicks from their Pythian tripods, hauled out of their beds in the darkness of night, put into prison vans, thrown into dungeons or sent into exile; their temple is razed to the ground, their mouths are sealed, their pens broken, their law torn to pieces in the name of religion, of property, of family, of order." (*The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte.*)

Is this what the complacent reader wants? It is what he is asking for. Not private property in general, but a very special kind of private property, namely monopoly capital, has arrogated to itself the role of chief inquisitor in the interests of the capitalist class as a whole. As the price of its "protection" of those interests it threatens to exact strict concordance with its political designs. The smallest doubt, the most loyal opposition must be whipped into line, whether in the White House, Congress, the courts, or among the people at large. Everyone must knuckle under to it: the conservative trade union leader, the intellectual proud of his probity, the small businessman, the liberal capitalist, the independent farmer, the rugged individualist, the naive believer in free enterprise. And each segment of the capitalist class outside the narrow circle of the great monopolies will come to know that "the sword that is to safeguard it must at the same time hang over its head like the sword of Damocles." (Ibid.) But isn't this dictatorship? Exactly. Even more, it is fascism.

BUT, says the innocent reader, *Life* wants to *free* the labor movement; that is why it fights the Communists who aim to make puppets out of misguided union men, bending them to the inflexible will of the inscrutable Stalin.

Indeed, the pages of *Life* are studded with exhortations to the American people to defend their liberties against "totalitarianisms of all varieties." From time to time a whole manifesto appears, ringing with such phrases as "The proper end-purpose of America's role in history is human freedom." Yet if you show this to a rank-and-file *Life* employe, not an august editor, he or she will probably let out a Bronx cheer. You will be told about the recent memo of Time,

Associated American Artists Gallery

"Naked Truth Pursued by Bare Facts," lithograph by Adolf Dehn.

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Inc., of which *Life* is a subsidiary, announcing that all staff writers would have to get permission from the management to write articles for outside publication. Permission granted, the article would then have to be submitted for approval. "If a staff man's manuscript deviates sufficiently for the piece to be definitely in opposition to *Time* policy, the management will discuss the matter with the author, point out the differences and see if they may not be resolved. If they are not resolved and the author goes ahead with publication, then he may be separated from the staff." Radio speeches and lectures, as well as photographs, are subject to the same benign supervision. Time, Inc. graciously refrains from censoring fiction, though it tartly cautions its authors against producing "shoddy work." It is strange that the goose should gag on the sauce it recommends for the gander. Or is something wrong with the sauce?

Life's policy toward its own workers reflects its program for American labor as a whole. This program is never stated openly, but has to be inferred from the way in which it features certain stories or articles on economic matters. For example: a long piece on Senator Ball defines him as a liberal, "though there are many thoughtful people who believe that he has carried his ideas to a point where unwittingly (*sic*) he is actually engaged in a union-busting crusade." The "liberal" is then described as being opposed to price control and reciprocal trade agreements, for tax relief for business, and as the sworn enemy of "monopoly" on the part of trade unions. An imaginary Minneapolis union man is manufactured to say, "I hate that monkey right now, but I don't want to be too tough on him. I have a feeling that some day he might be heading the police off when the parade's going the other way." In other words, labor is on top at the moment, but if fascism should come, the Senator will surely plead for a mitigation of the very terror which he has helped to bring about. Similarly, a warm story on Governor Dewey reports him to be in favor of "some" Wagner Act features, though a little more in favor of the Taft-Hartley bill. Here *Life* teeters between its working-class critics and its predominantly middle-class audience, and decides to cater to the anxieties of the latter.

"The Privilege of the Few is the Right of All . . ."

"Ever since man has worn clothing for adornment as well as to cover his nakedness, fur has been the raiment of royalty —the mark of nobility. In medieval Europe none but those of royal blood were allowed to wear certain furs, and a man's social importance could have been gauged by the amount and nature of the fur he wore.

"There is no such restrictions in our America of Free Enterprise. For the true nobility are the people. Here, you see, each of us is master of his destiny, sovereign over his way of life, his labor, his leisure — and his manner of dress.

"Here what was once the privilege of the few is the right of all . . . the fashionable luxury of one generation has become the popular mode of the next. And as long as there are merchants wholeheartedly devoted to the improvement of the methods of design and manufacture and distribution, FUR will be more and more the raiment of the new royalty— the people."

(*An advertisement of Russeks Furriers in the New York "Herald Tribune," October 26. Reprinted by NM as a public service.*)

On March 31, an editorial warned that everything depended upon the price of steel, which must be cut. But how? Naturally, by not raising wages. "The economy needs a cut in steel prices at least as much as Mr. Murray's men need a raise." Here again we find the familiar false tieup of wages and prices, which obscures the fact that a rise in wages need mean only a decline in profit. In this editorial there also appeared the fascinating statement that Detroit was just now "inching back toward prewar efficiency." Presumably after that lazy interim of making tanks, trucks, planes and other knicknacks to help defeat fascism.

On May 5 we learn that the US has tackled the price problem. There is a big blowup on the Newburyport merchants' ten percent price cut plan, which in the June 2 issue will be conceded to be a flop even in Newburyport. The point of this piece is that prices must be kept down by—keeping prices down, and of course, wages too, by "common sense buying," and by all-out production. This is nothing but the program of the National Association of Manufacturers, which has produced such remarkable results to date. It is interesting to note that in this article *Life* calls the 15 cents an hour settlement in steel a sign of moderation on the part of the union, though on March 31, before the negotiations, it has stated that such an increase would eat up all US Steel's 1946 profits, and was therefore unacceptable. All serious economic problems involving the living standards of the American people are treated with a similar frivolous insincerity.

There is an editorial in the May 5 issue, however, which startles one by its undisguised brutality. Its subject is the American farmer. We are told that the high price of food stems not from the grain speculators or the meat-packing trust, but from the inefficiency of farmers. *Life* is against subsidies for these "Okies of Mr. Steinbeck's sentimental melodrama." The editorial proceeds, "Even the most disadvantaged farm family enjoys a lot of support from Jeffersonian idealists and urban sociologists who consider it a prolific breeding ground for staunch citizenry (forgetting, perhaps, such of its offspring as John Dillinger and 'Pretty Boy' Floyd)."

What has become of all the virtues promulgated by the religious department, the Tartuffe's eyes raised to heaven and the resolves to follow in the steps of Saint Francis? Could some Dybbuk have entered the chaste body of *Life?*

It is simpler than that. American agriculture is approaching another crisis. Unless immediate steps, such as equitable price support and adequate subsidies to small farmers, are taken to protect the family-type farm, the independent producer will be driven from his fields. Four million farm families, who now live on about $500 a year, will again be thrown into utter destitution, homeless, a glut on the labor market in the big cities. And American agriculture will be in the hands of monopoly capital, which even now is the chief beneficiary of government measures supposed to help the individual farmer. The editorial is de-

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signed to hasten this process. The monopolies are impatient because certain measures of the Roosevelt administrations still stand in the way of the complete pauperization of the American farmer, and thereby challenge their unrestricted domination of the food industry. They are so near the kill, they think, and cannot control themselves. This accounts for the unusually coarse jeering and the jackal-like quality of the *Life* attack. Yet we must be grateful for this piece. For it lets us hear what is really said behind the noble facades of the banks and in the directors' rooms of insurance companies where the fine gloves are peeled off and the steel fist pounds the table. Listen, Americans, to what they think of you, the prelates of Wall Street and Rockefeller Plaza, when they take off their benign smiles and holy looks. Remember their contempt and cruelty before you believe anything they say.

LIFE is rarely so unguarded in its displays of rapacity. Its handling of foreign policy, for example, is a model of idealism. When readers denounced the American proto-fascist James Burnham's condensation of his book, *The Struggle for the World*, in the March 31 issue, as a "vicious and evil document" and protested that "with the exception of *Mein Kampf* this is the most diabolical piece of propaganda. . . . At Nuremberg men were hanged by the neck for participation in crime of the character you advocate," *Life* rushed to reassure them, "Burnham's program is a good one only if freedom, not power, is America's goal." Freedom is to be the goal of a program which speaks of the "abstract, empty rhetoric of democratic idealism as first established for us by Thomas Jefferson." In other words, let us go to war with the Soviet Union, but in the name of freedom, not imperialism, into which, it is true, we may fall " 'in a fit of absent-mindedness,' having nothing better in mind." Such is language in the service of the Truman Doctrine.

However, on April 14 *Life* overcame its aversion for power sufficiently to publish an article by Winston Churchill defending British intervention in Greece on the side of what *Life* itself, the month before, called a "rachitic monarchy," and welcoming the establishment of American power in the Middle East.

Another distinguished contributor to *Life* is the former American ambassador to Poland, Arthur Bliss Lane, who so compromised himself by his contacts with reactionary elements in that country that he became virtually *persona non grata*. (Even before leaving on his appointment, his attitude toward the Soviet Union was such that, according to his own admission, President Roosevelt asked him sharply, "Do you want me to go to war with Russia?") The depth of Mr. Lane's intellect may be judged by his observation that "if he (Boleslaw Beirut, President of the Republic) and the men around him show a single common trait it is shiftiness of the eye." Mr. Lane believes the pulps he reads.

Even more absurd was the apostrophe delivered to the Wall Street banker Robert Lovett upon his appointment as Under-Secretary of State. Banker Lovett having been a member of the class of '18, senior writer John Chamberlain hailed "this Old Blue Apostolic succession, this laying on of hands . . . a splendid thing for God and Country as well as for Yale." Chamberlain's article is an incredible hodgepodge of pompousness and sycophancy; it would be charitable to assume that he was drunk when he wrote it. But then who edited it?

More sinister is the retention of William C. Bullitt as a contributor. This man, who in the midst of the battle for Germany wrote a piece for *Life* from Rome calling for a holy war against the Soviet Union, has written two articles in the past year for *Life*. The first of these, which is on France, carries an accusation which confirms our suspicion that Mr. Bullitt is a psychopathic liar. He states that the Communist Party lined its coffers by huge deals on the black market. If this were true, the French Communist Party would not have elected one member in the Chamber of Deputies. The second article is on China and contains similar slanders of the Chinese Communist Party. But in this piece, Mr. Bullitt fell into a neat trap of his own devisnig. Eager to raise money for the Kuomintang gang, he painted the lily too white. "Aside from the Communists and fellow-travelers," he wrote, "even the Chinese who are most critical of the government do not speak ill of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek." The same week in which this appeared, Marshal Feng Yuhsiang, a member of the government at present in this country, denounced the Chiang regime as a "dictatorship under a second Hitler."

A WORD more about Bullitt. He is the man described in the late Ambassador Dodd's diary as an open pro-Nazi; on June 13, 1940 he played the part of receptionist in Paris, declaring it an open city and turning it over to the Germans, whose conduct he termed irreproachable. He had nothing but praise for the traitor Petain, just as now he has nothing but admiration for de Gaulle. In 1926 this

(*Continued on page 22*)

The Cardinal and the Good Lord

ON AUGUST 30 of this year, Mónsignor Josef Mindszenthy, Cardinal Primate of Hungary, received the Reverend Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, at Esztergom. "We have to aid in creating an independent Transylvania," the Cardinal announced in a way that could be heard out in the waiting room. "Such a new state could be the nucleus of all the anti-Slav elements, and in case of war would fight against the common enemy."

"But why always think of war?" replied the Rev. Mr. Johnson. "The peoples ask only to live in peace. There were nine children in my family. All of us were boisterous, but we got along together well, thanks to our mother."

"You were good children," the Cardinal answered. "The peoples, alas, are much less good."

"It wasn't we that were good, but our mother."

"That may be, but the peoples don't have any mother."

"And the Good Lord?" asked the Dean.

The Cardinal did not answer. As the Dean left the palace, he said with sadness to his companion, "The Cardinal Primate of Hungary does not believe in the Good Lord."

(*From "Rinascita," Rome.*)

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Election Eve in Manila:

REGROUPING ON THE LEFT

Manila.

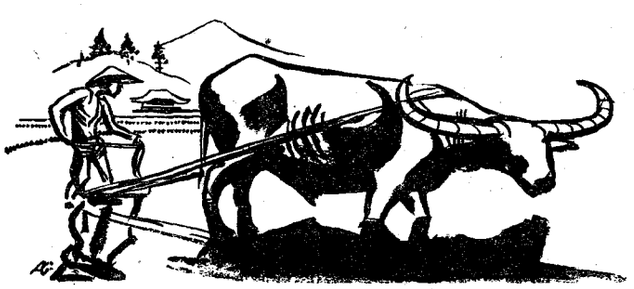
LIVING in Manila today is a little like living in a glass house. The city is filled with police spies, special agents, counter-intelligence men and MP's who have settled on the capital like a swarm of locusts. Anyone who is vaguely suspected of unfriendly feelings toward the government is assigned a coterie of "watchers." You see them everywhere you go—lurking in the hallways near the homes of democratic leaders and furtively taking notes at popular meetings. For example, Judge Jesus Berrera, president of the Democratic Alliance, acquired a train of "watchers" almost eighteen months ago, and they have been dogging his movements ever since. When I visited him recently, I had to enter his house secretly.

It isn't difficult to understand the reason for all this vigilance. The men in Malacanan Palace, headquarters of the government, are afraid. During the last two years they have used mass arrests, torture, bribery, vote-buying, propaganda and M1 rifles in a frantic effort to stamp out the growing people's movement, but the revolt against the government continues to spread.

This month President Manuel Roxas faces an important test of his strength. An election will be held to fill one-third of the seats in the Senate as well as leading provincial and municipal posts. For the first time Roxas is up against a united front of all democratic groups. Heretofore, these groups spent much of their strength fighting each other while Roxas' Liberal Party walked off with the spoils. A coalition has been formed of the Democratic Alliance, the Nacionalista Party, the Philippine Youth Party and the Popular Front Party. The coalition has agreed on a common slate of candidates.

The election has more than local significance. A rebuff for Roxas would be a major rebuff for American imperialism in the Orient. Roxas is a Wall Street man. After serving a long and faithful apprenticeship as a puppet for the Japanese, he has now become an eager stooge for American big business which has been given a blank check to exploit the islands. He is responsible for the so-called parity trade agreement with the United States. Among other things this agreement gives US capitalists the right to compete with Filipino business on equal terms. This is like putting a six-month-old infant in the ring with Joe Louis and saying that they both have the right to defend themselves.

If a clean election were held, the anti-Roxas coalition would have a good chance of winning a majority in the Senate. During the last two years, however, the Philippines has become a police state. If Wall Street isn't taking any chances, neither is Roxas. In Central Luzon, where the peasant movement is strongest, civil liberties have been completely obliterated. Hundreds of people have been arrested and killed. In Batangas Province Roxas outlawed the Samuhang Magbubukid, a democratic peasant organization, without even bothering to obtain a court order.



A "loyalty board" has been set up to drive progressives out of the army and the government; an "un-Filipino" committee has been set up in the legislature. The committee is modeled after its American counterpart.

Through a series of tricky maneuvers the Roxas machine has been able to get control over the polls. Poll clerks and election inspectors are appointees of the Liberal Party. The minority parties will not even have the right to read the ballots.

In spite of this, leaders of the anti-Roxas coalition are confident they will make a good showing in the election. Recently I talked to Judge Berrera, head of the Democratic Alliance, the only political party that emerged from the resistance movement. The Alliance is one of the most important groups within the coalition. Judge Berrera himself was a member of the Free Philippines, a guerrilla group that operated in the Manila area.

"Last year we polled approximately 300,000 votes," Judge Berrera told me. "At that time, we were strong only in Central Luzon. Since then we have spread out and expect to win seats in other parts of the country. The key to the situation, however, is clean elections." But the judge had no illusions on this score. He said that election day would probably be a "field day for fraud."

THE revolt against Roxas has also spread to members of his own party. Many of them have broken with him and gone over to the side of the coalition. Recently I attended the Liberal Party convention in the auditorium of Santo Tomas University. There was widespread grumbling on the convention floor about the steam-roller tactics used by the party leaders. In Bicol province the head of the Roxas machine has bolted the party and become a candidate for the democratic coalition. A number of former guerrilla groups have also joined the anti-Roxas group.

After the fetid, depressing atmosphere of the Liberal Party conclave, it was refreshing to turn to the Philippine Congress of Labor Organizations, which recently completed a three-day convention here. The CLO is less than three years old, but it already has 80,000 members and it hopes to triple its membership within a year. Many of the CLO were also leaders of the resistance movement.

The CLO is not allied with any political group. There are liberals as well as Communists on its central committee. But the convention left no doubt about the stand that organized labor will take in the election. Roxas was denounced as an "arch-enemy of labor," and on the floor it was charged that Roxas sought to do "what Hitler and Mussolini did to the German and Italian working class." Resolutions were passed denouncing the Taft-Hartley law and the so-called parity trade agreement with the United States.

One of the most important results of the convention was the formation of a Committee for Political Action. This is a milestone in the history of the Philippine labor movement, which has previously shied away from political action of any kind. Up to now the trade unions have lagged behind the peasant movement, which has always been militant and highly political, but the gulf between the two groups is rapidly closing. Some day it will close completely.

CATALINO DE LA CRUZ.

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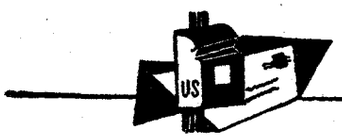

Dixie Express

TO NEW MASSES: It's an old, old tale: A hungry man with only a crust of dry bread for his dinner was suddenly attracted by the succulent smell of roast pork turning on an open spit. He held up his crust to catch some of the savory steam. The owner of the Rotisserie promptly demanded payment.

"Payment for what?" asked the puzzled poor man.

"For the steam absorbed by your bread."

"But it was only escaping vapor and of no possible value to you."

"It served to flavor your bread all the same."

"All right," answered the poor man, "I'll pay you." He dug into his pocket, extracted a lonesome nickel, banged it hard on the counter so that the Rotisserie owner could hear the ring of it.

"There is your payment," he said and pocketed the coin again and walked off.

Whether the Negro in the Black Belt will be permitted aboard the Freedom Train at all is problematical. I recall a boy driven from a patriotic line of march with stones and "Gwan, Fourth of July ain't for n——s." But even if he views the precious documents he'll understand perfectly well that their substance is not for him. Should he require more than the experience of his daily round of life in the South to convince him Mr. Tom Clark, who promoted and is engineering the train, is just the man to furnish it. He it was, we remember, who headed the FBI investigation of the brutal quadruple lynchings in Monroe, Ga., last year. Ten million pairs of Black Belt eyes were then focused on him.

I served on the case as private investigator for the Civil Rights Congress. Mr. Clark's men were all over the area. Seemingly they left no stone unturned in their efficient search for the criminals. In one month I was able to furnish Mr. Clark's office, through the Civil Rights Congress, the names of at least three ringleaders of the lynch mob. In its communication to Mr. Clark of this data the Congress added that if a lone investigator was able to dig up that much information, no doubt Mr. Clark's department with its limitless resources and manpower must have sufficient evidence for arrests and indictments. The reply from Mr. Clark's office thanked the Congress for its cooperation and hinted it had much more information and data than I had gathered. But all that was relatively unimportant. The Department of Justice was primarily interested in determining whether any Federal statute had been violated in connection with the death of the four Negroes.

The Monroe case has been closed for some time. No arrests were ever made. Four innocent Negroes—American citizens—lost their lives through the action of a mob of criminals and not one single leaf of our sacred Federal statutes even fluttered. What good then does it do to parade a whole carload of such documents before the Negro, other than to tantalize and whet his appetite for genuine freedom? How can he be expected to value all the patriotic effusions more than the poor man's evaluation of the nice-smelling fumes of roasting pig?

LAWRENCE GELLERT.

New York.

Time for Action

TO NEW MASSES: Once upon a time I asked a fellow worker if he had ever read *Capital* by Karl Marx, to which he replied, "No, I've never read any of their stuff, but I've seen all the Marx brothers in the movies."

Now this statement has about as much intelligence to it as the inquisition being conducted in Washington by the Un-American Committee. Men and women in all walks of life are compelled to appear before this dictatorial group upon little or no evidence whatever of subversive activities. They are browbeaten and smeared by untruthful innuendoes; they are refused the right of making any statement in their defense and are denied right of counsel.

Under our democratic legal system the accused is presumed innocent until proven guilty, but under the Rankin-Thomas judicial system a man is presumed guilty until jailed or deported. This seems like a court of inquiry under the regime of the late Adolph Hitler; also seems about time for a special committee to investigate the Un-American Committee. Anyway, every liberty-loving citizen should protest against this fascist outfit and its tyrannical tactics.

GEO. E. BREWSTER.

Portland, Ore.

NM urges all readers actively to support the Sabath Bill (HR 46) which would abolish the Un-American Committee. Petitions for this purpose can be obtained from the Civil Rights Congress, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Everybody Is Happy

TO NEW MASSES: Under separate cover I am forwarding a file of 1943 NM's and a partial file for 1942. It is hard to part with old friends but since you need them both the parting and original saving of the magazines are justified. Everybody is happy now. My wife (an avid NM fan) has one less parcel to dust, I was vindicated for having hung on and you have the back copies you need. I shall keep on saving future NM's.

MICHAEL FREEMAN.

Toronto.

Many thanks to Reader Freeman and the others who sent us the copies we asked for.

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

News Item: King Michael of Rumania in England for the royal wedding. London newspaper speculates that he is looking for a high-born British bride.

BARGAIN: Youngest daughter of Duke of Boulderdash, red hair, pink cheeks, blue blood, weight 170 pounds —dowry considerable more.

SLIGHTLY USED: Noblewoman seeks another spouse, recently lost Count; excellent references.

COURT SHORT?: Torybook princess complete with estate, magnificent frontage, ten acres; father seeks to crown her.

GOOD BYE: Young lady with prominent family and teeth; Whig—no heir apparent; daughter of Earl of Wintergreen, mint of dough.

GOOD DEAL: Oldest daughter of noble family lost in shuffle, plenty jack, royal flush, full house guaranteed.

•

Great Britain is now exporting a Rolls Royce to sell for about $19,000. This includes a radio and cigarette lighter.

•

Winston Churchill's wedding gift to Princess Elizabeth was a six-volume set of his book *The World Crisis*. It'll probably be all Greek to her.

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review and comment

RUSSIA: A THOUSAND YEARS

Kunitz adds to the statistics and events a third dimension—the feelings of those who lived them.

By HUGH STANTON

RUSSIA, THE GIANT THAT CAME LAST, *by Joshua Kunitz. Dodd, Mead. $5.*

So FAR as I know, no other writer has succeeded as completely as Joshua Kunitz does here in giving a living panorama of more than a thousand years of Russia's growth to the Bolshevik Revolution. By focusing on crucial epochs and key personalities, he makes comprehensible the sharp changes that punctuated the ten centuries. He has achieved this goal through his remarkable choice of material and through his ability to give the reader a feeling of participation in the events he describes. This is a great art in a historian.

Inevitably, there are some things about this book that one might wish changed. Its emphasis is almost exclusively on the rulers and the intellectual rebels. While Kunitz of course refers to the numerous peasant uprisings and, in later years, to the strikes, it is always from the point of view of the impact of these events on the Czar or on representative writers and leaders. We never know what emotions and what incentives spurred the peasants of a certain district or the workers of a certain factory to take action in their own behalf. We learn what the Narodniks thought of the peasants, but we don't know what the peasants thought of the Narodniks. It is clear enough from this book that the rulers and articulate leaders of Russian thought were deeply affected and swayed by the peasant millions and their proletarian descendants. But it is not so clear what swayed these common people. In all fairness to the author, it should be pointed out, however, that the answers to these questions are perhaps not available in any sources. After all, the trouble with the Narodniks was that they themselves never adequately understood the peasants, and as a result they failed almost completely to build any effective working relationship with them. For much of Russian history it is perhaps impossible to reconstruct the situations in which the peasants finally threw off the weight of their oppression and raised themselves up in an effort to end it. It is only for the thirty or forty years before the Revolution that one feels that Kunitz might have done more to make real the moods and the plight of the many people of Russia. As it is, we only get their reflection in the reactions of the few.

For the early period of Kiev, Kunitz concentrates on Vladimir's choice of Byzantine Christianity. "What might Russia's history have been had Vladimir chosen Judaism or Mohammedanism instead of Christianity as the official religion of his country?" asks Kunitz. He goes on to recount why this really was not an arbitrary choice and how it in large measure determined the direction in which Russian civilization was to develop. The church brought with it the instruments of cultural growth but at the same time it tied the young Russia to a dying civilization, turning it from the more vigorous cultures of the West.

The next great scene chosen by the author is the early years of Muscovy, liberation from the Tartar yoke, and the rule of the Ivans. Just as in the recent Soviet film on Ivan IV, he pictures the terror that drove this first Czar to earn his title "The Terrible." But Ivan's contribution to the unity of the Russian state dwarfs in historical perspective any of these acts. It is on this and on the gradual institution of serfdom that Kunitz lays his emphasis.

In the period of Peter and his successors, we see developing the great and continuing conflict between the "Westernizers" and the "Slavophiles." Peter came to the throne a century after Ivan, a century of internal chaos and invasions from the West. Peter did not originate the interest in the West. His father before him had it and he had provided his son with friends and counselors who were well-versed in the culture of Europe. Peter carried this on and in every way tried to give to Russia the strength of new techniques and knowledge with which to combat his internal enemies and to defend the country from outside attack. The author makes vivid the tremendous pressures and conflicts of the times which called forth from Peter his prodigious efforts.

With a few setbacks, Peter's work and tradition were carried on through his female descendants, culminating in the brilliant reign of Catherine II. Here we begin to see the vacillations between liberal reform and black reaction that characterized so many of Russia's czars, as they were in turn terrified by revolutions abroad and uprisings at home, or inspired by the writings of the great thinkers of their day. For example, under Catherine there were the beginnings of progressive legislation and the virtual founding of Russian arts and letters, but toward the close of her reign, Radishchev was sentenced to death for his *Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow*, depicting the misery of serfdom.

This epoch brings us down to the nineteenth century, to which Mr. Kunitz devotes about half of the book. In my opinion, his chapter on "Russia's Golden Age" is worth the whole book. In it he traces the evolution of the Russian intellectual to Revolution. From Herzen, the upper-class radical, to Chernyshevsky, the poor intellectual, we see the great ferment set off by the Decembrists in 1825, which by the close of the century had produced Lenin. Kunitz traces the ups and downs of revolutionary ardor both in the individuals and in the groups, linking the changes with economic, political and social events which interacted with them to produce the gradual disintegration of the autocracy. He quotes from the letters and writings of Herzen, Belinsky, Dobroliubov, Chernyshevsky, Pisarev, Bakunin, Lavrov—

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just to mention some. Most of these names are unfamiliar to Americans, but we are the poorer for not knowing more of their writings. They wrestled bravely and sincerely with problems which are strikingly analagous to contemporary problems. We find Chernyshevsky's apt characterization of the liberal as one who "almost always finds that it is only under a certain degree of aristocratic control that society can attain a liberal order. That is why the liberals usually entertain a mortal hatred for democracy, maintaining that democracy leads to despotism and is destructive of freedom." Or we read of Shestov's "existentialist" philosophizing in the period of decadence and discouragement just prior to 1905. Kunitz lays bare the complexity and confusion of those years in a fascinating and masterful distillation of facts, figures, literature and political polemics.

His last chapter, "Political Revolution," carries us right down to October 1917. To a large degree it is a history of Lenin's work and thought, expertly woven into the fabric of historical chronology.

Throughout, Kunitz adds to the dates, statistics and battles of history a third dimension: what men thought about the events as they happened. This is what gives the book its vitality. The result is a history of Russia that is not only badly needed but is in its own right exciting reading.

How Capitalism Grew

STUDIES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF CAPITALISM, *by Maurice Dobb. International.* $3.50.

MAURICE DOBB, lecturer in economics at Cambridge University in England, has a too-rare combination of profound historical scholarship and keen Marxist understanding. This new book of his is a tremendous contribution in the field of economic history. It is absolutely indispensable for all who wish to understand the roots of our present capitalist economy.

In no sense does Dobb idealize the pre-capitalist past. On the contrary, he shows in considerable detail the cold reality of the artisans' existence as a source of wealth to landowners and merchants. Property, whether in land or trading capital, meant power and exploitation, even when the worker owned his tools and had a measure of security upon his little patch of ground.

Dobb's picture of pre-capitalist economy and the transition to the modern world is chiefly concerned with his own country, but many valuable sidelights are thrown upon other parts of Europe. He counters with exact evidence the idea that feudal serfdom was undermined from within by the growth of trade. "Is there not equally good ground for expecting the growth of trade to occasion an intensification of serfdom in order to provide forced labor to cultivate the estate for purposes of the market?" From a rich background of historical fact he cites many specific areas both within England and in Europe to prove his point.

For the period between the Middle Ages of feudalism and the modern industrial and financial capitalism, Dobb rejects the term "merchant capitalism." True, there was not only neighborhood trading but world-wide commerce in goods produced by artisans who owned their tools and were less independent than might appear. And merchants acquired wealth through their trade in the products of the artisans. True, also, that the artisan found his independence gradually beaten down by the merchants who began to supply his materials, to fix the terms of payment, and to control the outlet for his product. But in this control of the merchant over the artisan, Dobb finds the first stages of genuine capitalism. And for England he dates these beginnings from the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

Lettres Francaises.
"It's an old tradition—in my family we've always patronized the arts."

This first stage of capitalist production, in the Tudor era, was followed by what Dobb calls "two decisive moments." The first came with the political and social transformations of the seventeenth century, which reflected not only inner struggles within the chartered corporations but also the parliamentary struggle of artisans and small traders against monopoly. The results of this "were very far from being submerged, despite a certain measure of compromise and reaction at the Restoration."

The second, of course, came with the industrial revolution, which Dobb illuminates in the following words:

". . . what the industrial revolution represented was a transition from an early and still immature stage of capitalism, where the pre-capitalist petty mode of production had been penetrated by the influence of capital, subordinated to capital, robbed of its independence as an economic form but not yet completely transformed, to a stage where capitalism, on the basis of technical change, had achieved its own specific production process resting on the collective large-scale production unit of the factory, thereby effecting a final divorce of the producer from his remaining hold on the means of production and establishing a simple and direct relationship between capitalist and wage-earners."

Dobb's chapter on "The Industrial Revolution and the Nineteenth Century" is a really superb piece of Marxist analysis. He shows the interplay of profit-seeking and progress in the tran-

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sition from pre-capitalist development toward capitalist industry. Not least interesting is the discussion of why England moved ahead of other countries in the early development of modern industry.

With the technical progress that opened the way for genuine factory production, England's freedom of trade became more than ever of basic importance. And the commerce already flourishing, with England importing both grain and cotton, was further stimulated by the development of exports and greater dependence upon imports. Of course the primary market for factory products was at home, among the workers who no longer had possession of their means of production. But exports were also a vital supplementary outlet, especially for the products of heavy industry. From the first stages of capitalist industry right up through the earlier decades of factory production, England had a broader base for industrial expansion than the other European countries which were more nearly self-sustaining.

Yet Dobb shows how, with the blindness characteristic of dominant economic groups, the wealthy merchant class which had dominated English commerce was indifferent, if not actively opposed, to industrial development. Initiative toward factory production—and most of the capital required for it—came not from the wealthy merchants but from "the humbler provincial middle bourgeoisie." These smaller businessmen had suffered under the restrictions imposed in the interests of the great foreign trading companies. They looked to technical progress as a weapon in their competitive struggle.

"[The companies'] limitation on the number of those engaging in the trade and their emphasis on favorable terms of trade at the expense of its volume increasingly acted as fetters on the further progress of industrial investment and brought them into opposition with those whose fortunes were linked with the expansion of industry. The interests of industry, accordingly, as it developed came to be identified with an assault on monopolies and with the freeing of trade from the shackles of regulation. . . ."

While in certain countries (notably Germany and France) industrial development was retarded by their continued dependence upon "indigenous agriculture" for their food supply, in others—most notably the Netherlands—capital held itself apart from native industry because it found profitable outlet in British stocks and bonds.

The closing chapter has great immediate interest for the present day. Here Dobb discusses the latest developments of monopoly, the declining volume of new investment and expansion, and the threat (if not the reality) of fascism. And here he sets against the background of fascist trends throughout the capitalist world the attempts within the United States to restrain the workers and undermine their rights.

We in this country need more and more of such Marxist historical analysis. In the urgency of class struggles today, we can too easily overlook the dynamics of the earlier stages from which our highly developed capitalism has grown. Such historical studies are extremely important in enriching our understanding of present conflicting class interests and stiffening our confidence that the future lies with the creative force of the working class.

ANNA ROCHESTER.

They Can't Win

THE SURE HAND OF GOD, *by Erskine Caldwell. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $2.75.

THERE is no man writing today who is less sentimental than Erskine Caldwell. His world may be tragic and bitterly ludicrous to the reader, but to the people who inhabit it it is neither. It is merely there and absolute. The characters understand neither themselves nor the forces that move them. Completely unoriented in their brutal and silly universe, they're not even aware that they're pitiable. And unlike most of his giant peers in literature, Caldwell asks no mercy for his characters. He fits them out with no charm to endear them, no grandeur to ennoble them, no special viciousness even to distinguish them. If genius can be localized, his lies in the quality of the laughter he creates—a laughter that sticks in the throat as the thought it so surely invokes catches up to it.

In *The Sure Hand of God*, which the publishers call a novel but which is actually a long short story, Caldwell is up to his old potent tricks. As usual he starts with a group of characters who can't win and shows, without surprise and never stooping to pathos, that they don't.

His protagonist this time is Molly Bowser (even their names are an affront)—a fat and bewildered chippy

ARTISTS and WRITERS
BALL ✦ ✦ DECEMBER 6

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who is middle-aged at thirty-five. She lost her childhood working as hired girl for the Satterfields, who had taken her in out of charity and never let her forget it. When she was fifteen the two Satterfield boys and their father started to sleep with her turn about. The night the first one came to her room "she was frightened but she wanted company and companionship more than anything else in the world, and she cried the rest of the night with happiness." She didn't know which of the Satterfields was the father of her daughter, Lily, and the men who came after the Satterfields were a living and eventually a habit.

Molly is not quite a whore. She is living in the respectable part of town when we find her, and she has had a husband, old Putt Bowser, who did odd jobs and was a bit slow in the head. But at the beginning of the book Putt is dead and Molly, once more on her own, is at the end of her limited wits. Her one great ambition is to cling to the fringes of respectability until she can get sixteen-year-old Lily safely married. She fails, of course. Though both Molly and Lily passionately want a better life for the daughter than the mother had, the sure hand of God intervened. Propelled by Molly, Lily nearly snags Claude Stevens, who works in the bank; but at the last minute Claude bolts for respectability and marries his nice fiancee. Frantically Molly engineers an elopement between Lily and Perry Trotter, a seventeen-year-old neighbor. The youngsters go to a hotel in a neighboring town but Lily refuses to get married and uses up all Perry's money going to the movies and buying comic books. In the end Molly, broke and still unable to marry off Lily, is obliged to move to Big Sal's Hollow, the red-light section of town. When we leave her she's set up as a madam in a shanty and is preparing a room for Lily. "I'm to blame," says Molly. "God's punishing me for my sins. Lucy told me the sure hand of God would lead me to where I am now, and it did." But Molly can't hold grief very long. "Maybe it's for the best, after all," she says at last. "I feel more at home down here than I ever did anywhere else, and maybe it's where I belonged all the time."

Under the sure hand of Mr. Caldwell the characters flower into complete believability. Caldwell never uses "character labels" for their own sake, as most creators of eccentrics do, and when his people behave curiously we know why. Molly drinks red wine before breakfast and goes into giggling fits, and we know why. Christine Bigbee, the preacher's frustrated wife, sneaks over to Molly's where the two have orgies of vitamin shots administered in the behind, and we know why. We understand Perry Trotter, who keeps trying to climb into Lily's window, and Jethro Bowser, the deceased husband's brother, who is willing to take up with either Lily or Molly to get a little warmth and some home-cooked food.

Never at any point in the book is there an overtly-stated "message." There is no editorialization. The iron emerges only in the cumulative effect of the whole, and it is tougher, fiercer and more potent for that. Though in comparison with *God's Little Acre*, *Tobacco Road* and some of the Caldwell short stories *The Sure Hand of God* is not a major work, it is an important one. And as always Caldwell is an object-lesson for all writers who wish to say something without falling flat over it.

MARGERY BARRETT.

Books Received

MOTHER, *by Maxim Gorky, with an introduction by Howard Fast. Citadel Press.* $2.50. This is a revised translation by Isidor Schneider of one of the greatest of all proletarian novels. It describes the slow involvement of a working-class woman in the struggles which preceded the 1905 Revolution. The characterization of Pelagueya Vlasova and the description of her intellectual growth are among the most moving in literature. An indispensable book for readers and writers alike.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, PATHFINDER IN AMERICAN SCIENCE, *by John F. Fulton and Elizabeth H. Thomson. Schuman.* $4. The biography of one of the leading figures in the history of scientific education in America. The account of Silliman's life is, however, rather pedestrian.

THE COLD WAR, A STUDY IN U. S. FOREIGN POLICY, *by Walter Lippmann. Harper*, $2. The material in this book appeared as a series of articles in the New York *Herald Tribune* recently. It registers Mr. Lippmann's disagreements with the anonymous article on "The Sources of Soviet Conduct" in the July 1947 *Foreign Affairs*. As it is generally agreed that the "Mr. X" of the *Foreign Affairs* article is George F. Kennan, Director of the Policy Planning Staff of the Department of State, Mr. Lippmann's critique is to be read as a statement of difference over State Department policy. Mr. Lippmann does not believe this policy will succeed in frightening the Soviet Union or the new democracies, nor in establishing American hegemony over the European continent. The whole argument is, however, strictly within the imperialist camp, a squabble over tactics rather than orientation. But the squabble is imporant.

THEATER

FROM some of the reviews in the New York papers one might imagine that John Van Druten's new play *The Druid Circle* and Terence Ratigan's new play *The Winslow Boy* are, at least in intention, social plays. That, however, would be the wrong pigeonhole for them. They come closer to what, in the days before the First World War, used to be called the "problem play." At that time, and not infrequently since, the stage grew serious over such questions as: Should a bride divulge that she is not a virgin and when; or: Is a prostitute's soul salvageable ever, and if so, when; or: Should a young minister heed the living spirit or the Pharisaical letter of his creed?

The problems in the new Van Druten and Ratigan plays are not so banal as these but they are hardly more profound. Of the two *The Winslow Boy* is somewhat the better play because it takes its problem less seriously and doesn't press it so far, certainly not to the point of magnifying it into a thesis.

According to *The Druid Circle* the academic life hopelessly dries you up. If you don't get away in time you shrink, by gradual stages and inevitably, into an emotional dwarf. In the shrinking process you contract your reason for living into the inhuman project of pressing your students down to the same pygmy stature. Your active glands are reduced to bile and gall and these, in compensation, produce enormous surpluses. Your emotional mechanism is left with but one functioning part—the Freudian censor. And your intellectual accomplishments also diminish to one—a nasty, nagging irony.

As you practice it, education becomes an undeclared and unrestricted war upon youth. In the battles, in

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which you are always on the offensive, your advantageous frontal position on the teacher heights and your supporting flanks of educational tradition permit you, without risks of effective counter-attack, to do anything you want. And what you want is to wreak vengeance upon blameless youth for spiritual defeats and losses you have sustained elsewhere. And you go on remorselessly harrying the young until graduation liberates them or until—as this play contrives it—you go too far in your sadism. Then, as it drives one of your victims into near suicide, there are repercussions that, at last, percuss upon your own skin. Thus you are invincible against youth until you overreach yourself. Youth, by itself, is helpless against you.

To give this overwrought thesis some plausibility Mr. Van Druten sets his action in a backwater college in provincial Wales where such venomous ingrowth of character can be conceived of with no deterrent influences from a more genial outer world. And he pitches the principal battleground of this merciless teacher war upon the students in the mind and emotions of a young and happily married instructor who is presumably at the danger point where the academic shrinking starts. His conflict is between faculty rules and conventions, the conduct proper to the profession that his completely shrunk colleagues expect of him, and his natural sympathy for a pair of student lovers, one of whom is his protege. The pair have offended the head of the young instructor's department, as they have all the older professors in general, by their candid happiness, the intellectual curiosity of their awakened minds and their unstaled appetite for life.

It is a tribute to Van Druten's skill that the overstretching of this theme is scarcely felt during the performance. But that is as long as the satisfaction lasts. You do not carry away the contented and active memory that a convincing play leaves you with and which is the greatest good, perhaps, that the theater has to offer. In afterthought *The Druid Circle* begins to sag and come apart.

Not, however, as far as the acting is concerned. No part in the performance was ill played and two were so superbly done that they survive in the memory as independent creations. Long after everything else in *The Druid Circle* becomes dim I expect

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that the personalities created by Ethel Griffies as Professor White's mother and Leo G. Carroll as Professor White will remain vivid in the memory of their audiences.

IN *The Winslow Boy* the drama is precipitated by the expulsion of a thirteen-year-old boy from a navy boarding school for the suspected theft of a five-shilling postal money order. He is convicted on circumstantial evidence and the authorities, all the way up and down, will not budge from their position of official infallibility. The play is based on an actual case, an English *cause celebre* of the period just before the First World War.

Convinced of his innocence, the boy's father fights to have him cleared. He fights as a matter of family honor; his suffragette daughter supports him as a matter of justice; and a celebrated Tory barrister takes on the case. They win in the end, but what they win is left unclear.

Presumably the moral of this problem play is that it is all for the social good that some people will be so stubborn and fanatical about personal right and dignity that they will confront all the entrenched power of officialdom to protect these rights. This might have become the epic issue it seemingly was intended to be had it been enlarged, somehow, out of the Winslow household. But as it is, the intended, or hoped-for, epic effect is never reached. In effect, we have, in *The Winslow Boy*, a very nice little comedy of manners flawed by pretensions to being a social play or even a problem play in the old sense. Its most charming effects are obtained through witty characterizations.

The English company that plays it does a remarkably expert job in every role, with Alan Webb as the defiant and crotchety father deserving the top billing that he gets.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Sweet Mystery of LIFE

(*Continued from page* 14)

savory character wrote a novel entitled *It's Not Done*. Here is a quotation from Mr. Bullitt's *chef d'oeuvre*: "Jews!. . . . There are only two solutions, there have been only two since time began. . . . If they're as few as in England, one can marry them without breeding that nose and that code of commercial immorality into the race, but if they're as many as in America, there's no solution but pogroms." If it is said that it is not Mr. Bullitt who is speaking but one of his characters, one may ask why not a single other character raises his voice against such infamy. *Life*, too, treats Mr. Bullitt as one of *its* characters. A group of explanatory photographs is dubbed "The main points of Bullitt's argument." Just his personal opinion. Isn't it interesting that *Life*, which wants to censor what its own writers do for other magazines, is willing to relinquish control over what appears in its own pages? Or perhaps it trusts Mr. Bullitt to say what Mr. Luce thinks?

One more contribution deserves mention. That is *Life's* reprint on July 28 of the article appearing the same month in *Foreign Affairs*. "The Sources of Soviet Conduct," by X, generally agreed to be George Kennan, formerly of the State Department's Riga detachment, now "the State Department's top policy planner on world affairs." The article is little more than an attempt to create and set in motion, if only in imagination, counter-revolutionary forces within the Soviet Union. Let Mr. Kennan's integrity speak for itself. In one of his official communications, quoted by Johannes Steel in his September, 1947, *Report*, Kennan wrote, "The apprehension of what is valid in the Russian world is unsettling and displeasing to the American mind. He who would undertake this apprehension will not find his satisfaction in the achievement of anything practical for his people, still less any official appreciation for his efforts." In other words, lying is not only necessary; it pays. Perhaps this is what *Life* means when it sighs that the missing ingredient in our foreign policy is "idealism, the kind of idealism which precedes and warrants action instead of tagging after it." Or can it be that Mr. Kennan perfectly expresses *Life's* kind of idealism, since it finds John Foster Dulles to be "one who has peculiarly concerned himself with the role of ideals in foreign affairs." (March 17 issue.) "Peculiarly" is the word. As the lawyer for Franco, for the son-in-law of Laval, and for the America First Committee, peculiarly indeed.

If I have dealt more with personalities than with diplomacy in the foregoing, it is because arguments *ad hominem* are sometimes in order against liars and hypocrites. Or is there some politer term for a publisher and edi-

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tors who justify our pro-fascist intervention in Greece on the grounds that "political physics abhors a vacuum," who incite us to war against the Soviet Union in the name of "our way of life," to whom wholesale bribery and the atom bomb are the highest forms of foreign policy, and who scream panic, chaos and crisis because the profit system is on the way out over more and more than one-sixth of the world?

The Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the *Life* sermon exhibit the same mentality because they defend the same interests. If Wall Street wants a strong Germany, *Life* weeps for the Ruhr miner. If Ramadier has to be saved, France becomes the bulwark of Western civilization, "itself a combination of the Hebrew belief in God, the Christian idea of compassion, the Greek love of truth and the Roman genius for law." (June 16 issue.) When *Life* upbraids us as cheapskates in our foreign policy because we pay off with millions rather than billions, it merely expresses the ruling-class belief that you can sell anything by buying anyone. And when you hear for the hundredth time of the rusty iron curtain, totalitarian tyranny, the war of ideologies, Communist bosses and puppet states, know that hell hath no fury like a banker scorned.

READING *Life* over a number of months is a weird experience. It is like walking into a brightly lit, streamlined department store, with platinum blonds at the chromium counters offering the world's treasures, from kiddy-cars to Chanel No. 5. At first, what wonders and what treats! Yet almost imperceptibly the shopper's delight lessens. The brightness becomes glare and in that glare the fancy products turn into so much ludicrous and hideous bric-a-brac. Ludicrous, as when a picture of a Bulgarian choral group is captioned "Cultural escape. Bulgars' frustrated talents are poured into all the arts." Hideous, as when on July 21 an editorial entitled "Ideas for Europe," with the subhead, "If Europe now puts them into practice, the US will do its part," faces the Picture of the Week: the corpses of five Negro prisoners lying in the courtyard of the prison camp near Thalman, Georgia, shot down by guards at the orders of a drunken warden. Strange magic that horrifies when it is meant to enchant: the magic of a science, the science of distortion.

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